

A Beautiful Love Story, "A Girl's Heart," by Rett Winwood, commenced this week!

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WOOING

BY EDEN E. RExford.

The bees hung over the clover,
And the birds sang, up in the blue,
And the lily-cups brimmed over
With the summer morning's dew.

The roses nodded together,
As gossiping roses do,
And said that such beautiful weather
Was just the time to woo.

I know that she heard the roses,
For her cheeks blushed as their own,
And her eyes, as a flower half-closes,
Looked down at a wayside stone.

Then a silence fell about us,
Though the birds sang, and the breeze
Brought the sound of haymaking music
And the humming of the bees.

Such a deep and beautiful silence!
We seemed from the world apart!
Only us two together,
And we were here to hear it.

In the sweet and holy silence
That came about us then
We forgot all the things that trouble
The world, and the ways of men.

A robin flew up from the clover
With a straw in his pretty bill,
For the nest in the blossoming cherry,
And sang to us here him still!

For my heart was singing with us,
As he built his little nest,
While his brown wife chirped and chattered,
With the sun on her speckled breast.

Then my happy heart ran over
My lips, in a lover's words:
But if you would know what I told her,
You must go and ask the birds.

I forgot them all, in the gladness
That came to my heart that day
When she promised to walk beside me
And be my own away.

A Girl's Heart;

OR,

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A SUMMER NIGHT'S REVELATION.

WHAT a hot, stirless night it was! Not a breath of air fluttered in the tree-tops, or lingered to wanton with the languid heart-ease and yellow daffodils hiding away in the dark recesses of the garden below. The heat was feebly intense. It stifled and oppressed one with its fervor.

Rachel Clyde felt the languor of the night as she sat gasping at the open window of her little bedroom. There was no light in the room save the silvery radiance of the moonbeams. She sat quite alone in the purplish dusk—alone with her own unpleasant thoughts.

She felt strangely nervous and distract; once or twice she shivered, without knowing why. "Is anybody walking over my grave, I wonder?" she murmured, and then laughed at her own foolish fancies.

It was already quite late. The house had been quiet for more than an hour. But Rachel could not sleep. I don't know which was most at fault, the oppressive heat, or her own distract thoughts.

At last she arose. The close air of the room she could endure no longer. Throwing a light scarf over her head she glided noiselessly from the apartment, and slowly descended the stairs, pausing at nearly every step to listen.

"Madame Gale must not hear me," she said to herself, with a little grimace. "She does not approve of night ramblers. I should be sure of a lecture."

So she groped her way onward, very carefully. A glass door opened upon a terrace at one end of the hall. The key always hung on a hook close by—and this key Rachel intended to confiscate and let herself out with it.

The darkness was quite intense in this part of the hall, for the glass door was thickly shaded with vines. But the girl knew the way perfectly, and almost at the first trial she found the hook where the key usually hung.

But the hook was empty; the key was gone! Rachel gave a quick start as she made this discovery. She groped for the door-handle. It turned without difficulty. The key was in the lock!

She could draw but one inference from this fact—for Madame Gale was very particular about securing the doors at night. Somebody must have gone out before her.

Who was it—Madame Gale herself, or one of the servants?

Rachel stood quite still for a moment, puzzled and at a loss. Should she go on and run the risk of being discovered?

The grounds looked dark and cool and pleasant. Rachel could not withstand the temptation to hide herself in their odorous recesses. She stepped across the terrace, and ran swiftly down the steps into the garden.

The moonlight would have betrayed her had she lingered near the house. Therefore she darted into the nearest shrubbery and fled in its shadow to a more remote portion of the grounds.

The strange, solemn hush of night reigned everywhere. Above swung a purple arch of stars, calm, peaceful, serene. The young moon hung, a silver crescent, in the western heaven.



"But you are, madame. I know you are keeping back the truth. There is something I am not to find out."

The garden seemed like the evergreen court of some enchanted land.

Flitting up and down in the profound gloom of the syringas and lime-trees, Rachel's thoughts naturally turned into their former channel. The mystery that shrouded her early life affected her more powerfully than usual this night. Why was it? Was fate about to prove it kind at last, and open some of its mystic pages?

Her history was a peculiar one. She knew nothing of her parents—not even if she had a right to the name she bore. She had lived with Madame Gale ever since she could remember.

At first her brother Richard had been with her, and made the sum of her happiness. Richard was her twin-brother, and she loved him fondly. But a terrible grief had crept into the lives of these two, and now they were separated. Rachel did not even know where her brother might be wandering. Sometimes she feared he was lost to her forever.

It is not strange that her thoughts were bitter ones as she wandered up and down the shadowy walks under the summer stars.

Presently a foot stopped on the gravel path. Rachel heard it, thought suddenly of the unbolted doors, and crouched low in the odoriferous gloom of tangled roses and rhododendrons growing close at hand.

Not an instant too soon. Two figures turned a sudden bend in the path, and came straight toward her hiding-place.

One was Madame Gale. Rachel recognized her instantly, despite the thin shawl Madame had taken the precaution to throw over her head.

Her companion was a lady very richly dressed. Rachel could not see her face distinctly, for she wore a veil, dusky as was the night. But her silk gown rustled along the foot of the hill.

Rachel lay low in her hiding-place quite breathless. She was now too frightened to stir. Even the cracking of a twig under her foot would have betrayed her.

She vaguely wondered what Madame Gale could be doing here so late, and why this strange lady was with her. Even as the thought passed through her mind, a voice low and singularly sweet broke the silence.

"Dick wouldn't dare come back just yet."

"True."

"And Rachel is such an innocent child she would never work ill to anybody."

"Bah!" sneered the strange lady; "I am not so sure of that."

Then, with a sudden change of tone, she added:

"I must see the girl. I have not looked upon her face for years, you remember. Strange, isn't it, that I should never have had the courage to seek a meeting?"

"I have sacrificed enough for you already," Madame Gale went on, in a hard voice. "More than enough, when I think how ungrateful you have shown yourself!"

"You have never wanted for money."

"Money! Bah! As if money made up the sum and substance of earthly happiness!"

"I will do anything you ask of me, Agnes, only you must promise to keep that girl out of the way."

"Rachel Clyde!"

Footsteps had died in the distance. Then she rose, flushed and frightened.

What did it all mean? Who was this strange lady, who seemed to know so much of her, and had such good cause to be afraid of her. Why was she afraid?

Rachel stood breathless and palpitating.

Oh, how she had longed and prayed to have the secret of her parentage revealed to her!

To-night, at last, she knew she had stood on the verge of a great discovery. Could she let the golden opportunity slip away from her forever?

"I should say not."

"I see but one way out of our difficulty. Rachel must go. I shall not draw a free breath while she remains."

"Send Rachel away!"

"Certainly. Why not?"

There was a moment's silence. Madame Gale seemed to quiver with some suppressed emotion. When she spoke again her voice was not quite steady.

"Pauline, I have learned to love that girl," she said. "If you mean any harm to her you might as well give up your purpose first as last."

"Harm!" echoed the strange lady, scornfully.

"Don't be a fool, Agnes."

"What is your purpose?"

"Rachel has been well educated. Find her a situation to teach in some remote place. You might be useful."

"Yes."

"Will you?"

"I don't know," hesitatingly. "I have grown used to her, and dislike to give her up. Is there no other way?"

"None. You can see for yourself what a risk we run while she remains."

"Yes, yes."

"Besides, that precious scamp, Dick, might come back at any moment. And then we would have two ghosts instead of one to murder our rest."

"That isn't likely. Dick wouldn't dare come back just yet."

"True."

"And Rachel is such an innocent child she would never work ill to anybody."

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"Rachel Clyde!"

Rachel waited until the last echo of their

She stole into the passage, and crept like a wraith up to her close little chamber under the roof. Once there she threw herself on the couch, and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

"Oh, my mother!" she moaned. "Am I to live and grow old and die, never knowing more of you than I do at this moment? Am I never to realize a mother's love? If so, God give me strength to bear the disappointment."

Such had been the burden of her plaint for more nights than one. But it had never been so passionately earnest as now.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNHORSED RIDER.

RACHEL was paler than her wont the next morning. Even Madame Gale remarked it.

"I'm afraid you are not well, my dear," she said, speaking in a very gentle tone.

Rachel was sipping her coffee rather languidly at the time, but she did not raise her eyes.

"Thank you," she answered; "I believe I am as well as usual."

"Then you must have passed a bad night."

Madame saw the girl start and shiver. She was a shrewd woman of the world—was Madame Gale. Human nature presented very few problems that she could not solve. Her scrutiny extended even to trifles. Rachel's show of emotion was not lost upon her by any means.

"You are eating nothing," she said, sharply, after a moment's thinking. "Put on your bonnet and come with me for a walk. You need the fresh air."

Rachel silently complied. Madame did not take the public promenade, as was her habit, but turned into a shady green lane that seemed deserted.

She walked on in utter silence. Rachel stole a swift glance into her face every now and then. Madame was always a stern-looking woman, but now her countenance seemed colder and more forbidding than usual.

Rachel's heart sunk.

"She is going to tell me I must leave here," she thought. "And if I go I shall never know anything more of my own early history. There will be nobody to tell me."

Impelled by this fear, she suddenly caught Madame Gale's hand and clasped it eagerly in her own.

"Ot, madame," she cried, "you might make me so very happy, if you would! I think I have a right to know! You will not be cruel and refuse to tell me?"

Madame Gale drew back, frowning darkly.

"Silly child," she said, snatching away her hand, "you are hysterical. I don't know what you mean."

"You do know!" screamed Rachel, almost beside herself. "I can see it in your face. I want you to tell me of my mother."

"Your mother?" she echoed. Then she bit her lip and laughed—a short, sarcastic laugh very disagreeable to hear.

"Hush, child. Do not question me. It would not make you happier to hear about your mother."

"Did you know her?"

Madame nodded.

"And my father? Of course you must have known him, too! Oh, Madame Gale, dear Madame Gale, please tell me all about them."

"Bah!" cried the woman, angrily. "Be silent, won't you? If there was anything you ought to hear I should have told you long ago."

She shook off Rachel's clinging hand and hurried onward. But her lips were white, and not easy of control. Less than a yard away she came to a sudden standstill.

She had heard the thunderous thud of hoof-beats on the hard ground, and a shrill cry of terror. Looking back she caught a glimpse of a horse and rider, tearing like mad down the lane directly toward her.

One quick glance told her that it was a runaway. She sprang off Rachel's side, crying out sharply.

She tore the maddened beast, snorting wildly, and flinging its beautiful sides with foam.

The bridle swung loosely, dragging through the dew-wet grass of the lane, and a poor helpless figure clung desperately to the frantic creature's back.

Of a sudden the horse gave a mad bound, and shot like a flash past the two frightened women, but he had left his rider lying in the hedge-row behind him—stunned, bruised, bleeding—possibly dead!

Rachel rushed forward. She was calmer and stronger than Madame Gale in this sudden emergency. She tore aside the thick foliage of the hedge, and stooped over the body of the man.

He lay perfectly still, exactly as he had fallen.

Madame caught a glimpse of the prostrate figure and screamed, wildly:

"He is dead!"

Rachel swung sharply around.

"Water!" she said, in a stern, low voice.

"Be quick! There's a horse among those trees yonder."

Madame stood panting a moment, drew a quick breath, and fled in the direction indicated.

Rachel lifted the senseless man's head in her arms. She rested it gently against her shoulder and began to chafe the cold brow with her hand.

It was a handsome, high-bred face she look-

ed upon. The features were delicately, almost sharply-cut, but the glossy hair clustering so thickly about the white temples was well sprinkled with gray.

Rachel experienced a strange, indefinable thrill as she gazed upon that handsome countenance. It wore a weary, listless expression, even in unconsciousness, that appealed strongly to her feelings. She felt drawn to the man by some powerful but subtle fascination—whether of good or evil she could not have told.

At last he moved, moaned, and opened his eyes with a wild stare.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly.

"You were thrown from your horse, sir. I feared you might be seriously injured."

"Ah, yes. I remember, now."

He passed his hand over his brow. Then, after a moment's silence, he looked into the girl's sweet face curiously.

"You are very kind," he said, forcing a smile. "I'm afraid I have made you a good deal of trouble."

"No, no!" she cried, eagerly. "I only hope you are not much hurt."

A little bewildered, he answered.

He shook himself, made an effort to rise, but fell back groaning.

"It's worse than I thought, my sweet little friend. I will be compelled to trouble you still further."

"I will go for help!" cried Rachel, seeing how white he grew.

"Not yet."

Rachel looked anxiously around, very much frightened. Footsteps sounded near, and to her infinite relief she saw Madame Gale rapidly approaching with the water, which she brought in a tin dipper that had hung by the well.

Madame stopped short when she caught the first glimpse of the face which had been turned from her when she had first peered into the shrubbery at him. She stopped short, and every vestige of color fled from her face, leaving it frightfully pale.

"Colonel Heathcliff!" she stammered.

He stared hard at madame, and muttered a low exclamation.

"This is a surprise," he said, holding out his hand.

Madame Gale did not take it. Her knees knocked together. She crouched on the grass, staring pitifully at the man's handsome face, and began to wring her hands.

He looked puzzled. "I am not a ghost, Madame Gale," he said, trying to speak lightly.

"Why do you glare at me like that?"

The wretched woman murmured some apology. She arose, and stepped close to his side, moving slowly and with difficulty. Her face was still very pale.

"I have brought you water, Colonel Heathcliff," she said, holding the tin dipper to his lips.

He drank eagerly, then pushed the tin away.

"You are the last person I expected to see here, Madame Gale."

"Indeed! I am sure my wife will be delighted to hear it."

Madame started, flushed a little, and answered:

"Mrs. Heathcliff knows it already." Then, bending nearer, she added, abruptly:

"Are you very much hurt?"

"I don't know," meaning in spite of himself. "That vicious brute did his best to kill me."

"How did it happen?"

"It was some children at play in the lane that frightened the horse, I believe. I was riding very carelessly. At the first bound he gave, the reins were jerked from my hands. Of course I had no control over him afterward."

Madame drew back a little. She was doing her best to appear calm and merely sympathetic. But she looked like a ghost.

"Rachel," she said, sharply, "you must go for help. You and I can do nothing alone. Fetch a carriage and two or three men to help us. Let somebody go for the doctor."

"Yes, Madame."

Rachel arose, heaving a long-drawn sigh. She was still under the spell of the stranger's wonderful eyes, so full of soft languor and listlessness. He had just such eyes, such a face, and such a high-bred air as women always rave over.

There must have been a magnetic sympathy between the two, for Colonel Heathcliff raised himself on his elbow, and watched the girl as she tripped lightly away. When she was quite gone from his sight, he fell back, groaning distinctly.

"I'm badly hurt," he said. "But I did not wish to frighten that poor child. You won't mind my wailings, Madame Gale?"

He forced a very faint smile to his ashy lips. Madame could not answer. She looked dreadfully scared, and tempted to run away.

After two or three contortions, Colonel Heathcliff seemed to breathe more easily. He wiped the cold damps from his forehead, and said, quite composedly:

"Madame Gale, that girl has interested me."

Who is she?" he asked, with a faint, half-smile.

Madame bit her lip. After a moment's thinking, she answered: "My adopted daughter, Rachel Clyde."

He gave a slight start.

"What a creature of mysteries you are!" he exclaimed. "The adoption must have been recent. I never heard of her before."

"No," returned madame, "it was not recent."

Then she turned away her face. She would say no more.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARLOR APPARITION.

A LONG interval passed. Madame Gale stood beside the wounded man, very pale and stern-looking, but never once remitting the little attentions that were due his eye.

She seemed strangely restless and ill at ease, however. After the few laconic sentences already recorded, she scarcely spoke to Colonel Heathcliff until Rachel made her appearance, followed by three or four men.

Then she stopped quickly forward to meet them.

"Did you order a carriage, Rachel?" she asked, eagerly.

One of the men made answer:

"The carriage will be here in two minutes, madame. This young lady has executed her commission well."

He spoke respectfully, and in the low tone of a person of some refinement. The words had scarcely left his lips, however, when the carriage itself dashed into view, turning the nearest curve in the lane, and finally drawing up at a little distance.

The sight seemed to restore Madame Gale's animation. The color came back to her face, the light to her eyes. She called the men to her aid, and Colonel Heathcliff was lifted up gently and borne to the carriage.

Rachel followed, watching him with great wide-open eyes full of sympathy. It was singular—the interest with which this listless, world-weary man had inspired her! He seemed near to her, somehow, as if they were friends already.

Madame must have read something of all this in the girl's face when she turned, presently, from the task of arranging Colonel Heathcliff comfortably in the carriage, for she caught Rachel's hand and whispered, sharply:

"Come away, child. You can do no more."

She tried to drag the child out of sight. Colonel Heathcliff suspected her purpose, and defeated it. Despite the pain he was in, he looked round quickly and called to her.

"Madame Gale," he pleaded, "let Miss Clyde go with me to Fairlawn."

Madame recoiled a little, caught her breath sharply, and answered:

"Oh, no, no! Not there! Rachel cannot go there!"

She looked so pale and shocked and frightened that Colonel Heathcliff could not resist the impulse to say, with a suspicious lifting of his eyebrows:

"And why not, pray?"

The tone—not the question—brought madame to her senses again. She bit her lip viciously.

"Forgive me," she murmured, after a brief pause. "This accident has strangely illustrated me. I hardly know what I say or do. Of course Rachel can accompany you, if you wish it."

"Do you not know that Colonel Heathcliff has been injured?"

"No," she answered, starting. "I have been walking in the garden. I just came in. Tell me all about it."

"He was thrown from his horse. Rachel and I chanced to witness the accident. We ran to his relief, and he insisted we should bring him home."

"That is all?"

Madame nodded.

"You have nothing to fear."

The color came slowly back to Mrs. Heathcliff's cheeks. She gave madame one long, sharp glance, and then seemed to be satisfied. Her face resumed its natural expression once more; she even forced a faint smile to her lips.

"My head is in a whirl to-day," she said, turning toward Rachel once more. "I believe I am hysterical. You will forgive any wildness, any rudeness of which I have been guilty."

She said this in a tone of such soft appeal that Rachel, who had stood perplexed and silent, watching this scene with curious eyes, felt her heart melt within her.

"Do not distress yourself, dear lady," she said, eagerly. "And I am sure you have no reason to apologize."

Mrs. Heathcliff thanked her, and rose up feebly and with difficulty, as if she had suddenly grown old.

"I must go to my husband," she said. "Where have they taken him?"

"To his own room, I believe," answered madame.

She went out without another word. Madam sat very still for some minutes after she was gone. She seemed to be considering with herself about her firm mouth contracted with either fear or pain.

Madame sat up very stiff and grim. She did not look at either of the two, but straight before her. Every now and then the muscles about her firm mouth contracted with either fear or pain.

She looked round somewhat curiously. They were passing through handsome and well-kept grounds. Flowers, shrubs, and beautiful trailing vines were to be seen on either hand. At a little distance stood a handsome, imposing mansion, built of dark-gray stone.

This was Fairlawn. Rachel had seen the place before, but she had never passed those ponderous gates, which, to her vivid imagination, had seemed to open into fairyland.

The carriage drew up before a side entrance. Colonel Heathcliff was lifted out and borne up the steps, but not before he had pressed Rachel's hand and whispered, earnestly:

"You understand it all this is very strange," she said. "I can explain it in two words. Mrs. Heathcliff had a daughter who died, and you resemble her. I noticed the likeness myself. It struck Mrs. Heathcliff so forcibly as to quite unsettle her reason for a few minutes! You understand it all now?"

She paused, waiting for an answer. A swift shudder ran all over the poor girl. She suddenly flung out both her arms and burst into tears.

"You must think all this is very strange," she said. "An end to fair things that delight our eyes; An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears; An end to enmity's foul libeling; And to the gracious praise of tender friends, There is an end to all but one sweet thing— To love there is no end."

"I came in search of you, Mrs. Heathcliff," she said, making a quick sign of caution.

The lady started; a shiver ran over her, and then she seemed to conquer the spell that held her senses in thrall.

"Oh, Agnes!" she shrieked, shaking her clenched hand in madame's face, "you have told that girl everything! You have brought her here to ruin me!"

Madame paled perceptibly, and her stern face grew sterner still.

"Hush!" she cried. "Be quiet! Take care what you say or you will regret it."

"What matters it what I say?" dropping into chair, and beginning to wring her jeweled hands piteously. "You have betrayed me. I am a ruined woman."

"Fool!" snarled madame, in a savage whisper.

"Get up and try to compose yourself. Unless you do, I wash my hands of your affairs from this moment."

Mr. Heathcliff looked up a little luridly, and seemed to realize for the first time that her fears might have been premature.

"That girl!" she said, pointing darkly at Rachel, and speaking very low, "I know who she is. She came with my husband. Why was it—answer me that?"

"Do you not know that Colonel Heathcliff has been injured?"

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Frank Ballard saw that the lumberman and his followers were under the influence of liquor, and that they had been fearing of some incident which would lead to trouble. The hunters were really boisterous, and in their pretended exuberance acted rudely toward those in whose camp they were unbidden guests.

"By Judas, old Pokey!" the captain remarked, after it was discovered that the Indians had slain the bear. "I'm glad you fellows floored old Bruin here, for we couldn't hit a better place for a bear-hunters' frolic. Boys, two or three of you slip the hide off that bear, dress up the meat, and we'll have a royal roast. And here, great chief of the Pockawockanies, is a bottle of choice old Burgundy, direct from the distilleries of La Sod Cornus. It hasn't been touched yet, so take of the blossom."

Pokahgan shook his head and declined the offer of a bottle taken in a courteous manner.

"What?" exclaimed Spencer, "tell me that you—a red-skin! an Ingin, don't drink? Pokey, that's too transparent!"

"The fire-water of the pale face is not good. When it goes in, sense go out—make one a big fool," was the chief's response.

"Hewh—ehh!" whistled the captain; "hear that, will you? Well, well; the millennium has come—not an Ingin here'll take a drink. Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! But, stranger of the white skin, will you not have a drink with me?"

"Thank you; I never drink, sir," answered Ballard.

"Well, I'm glad of it—leaves all the more for me. Here, boy, tell us your happiness, old Pokey's joy—and the success of these red teetotallers!" Turning the bottle to his lips, he let its contents gurgle down his throat without once stopping to take breath. His example was immediately followed by his men, each of whom was provided with a bottle of liquor.

The prospect for a drunken carousal now became too certain, and Frank Ballard tried to conceive some plan by which to get Edith and the princess, Summer-Rose, out of danger. He knew the Indians would be unable to restrain the lumbermen from acts of violence, for their force was numerically the strongest.

In a few minutes the bear had been skinned and cut up into quarters. Each of the rounds was provided with a chunk of meat; then pieces were sliced from the choicest portions of the hind-quarters and placed before the fire on long sticks to roast. Soon the air was filled with the aroma of roasting bear-meat, and it seemed to have appealed to the better nature of the drunken men through a keen appetite, for they became comparatively quiet.

The princess had hid herself in the tent when the hunters came storming into camp, but when she thought all danger was past, she ventured out again. No sooner, however, did Captain Spencer see her than he sprang to her side with an oath of surprise, and throwing his arm about her waist, said: "Before she was scarce

aware of his intention."

"The pale-face captain is not a gentleman," said Pokahgan, indignantly, as he started from his seat, his eyes burning with a fire of resentment for the insult offered his daughter.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Pokey?" returned the lumberman, defiantly.

"The Potowatamies are not cowards," the chief answered, his eyes flashing with a fierce determination.

"Neither are we old lumbermen," added Spencer.

"You should remember that you are in our camp, and that the red-man treats the white man kindly," responded Pokahgan.

Meanwhile the princess had darted back into the tent almost frightened out of her wits. She found Edith trembling in every limb with terror.

"Oh, princess!" she cried, in a subdued tone, "I must flee here—they will see me!"

At this very juncture one of the lumbermen advanced to the tent and drawing aside the flap-door looked in upon the women.

"Great shockin'!" he called out, "here's a white gal in here, too; and she's purtier than a pictur, I swar she is. I never seed' anything to beat her boys."

"Lead her out! trot her out!" yelled the captain, and his words were repeated by his men.

"Dare to touch her!" said a voice behind the intruding lumberman, "and you shall die!"

It was the voice of Frank Ballard who spoke thus, for the soul of the young bee-hunter was aroused. A terrible light blazed in his eyes, and his face became blanched with the deadly resolve that took possession of his mind. In his hand he held an Indian hatchet snatched from the belt of one of the red-men. He was ready to die in defense of the only woman he had ever loved.

The lumbermen, ready for a conflict in which they knew that their superior numbers would give them the advantage, immediately drew their knives and pointed them at the Indians, in whom patience and forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, unloosened their hatchets and unsheathed their hunting-knives; and thus in a minute's time twenty men had arrayed themselves in an attitude of deadly hostility.

One of the lumbermen named Kruger, a valiant-looking French-Canadian, and an accurate pistol-shot, drew his revolver and leveled it upon the heart of Frank Ballard. One movement of the young bee-hunter toward executing his threat, was to be the signal for Kruger to fire.

The silence of death—the calm preceding the bursting of the storm—settled over the camp, as though the earth itself, at the bones of the bear, caused their motion, as if imbued with the awful spirit of the moment. The ruddy glow of the camp-fire danced and shivered over the motionless forms of the men. Knives in the hands of bearded lumbermen flashed and gleamed in the light. Like tigers ready to leap upon their prey the Indians stood, inclining slightly forward, their eyes fixed upon the forms of the whites as if held there by some horrible fascination. Calm and erect, and with blazing eyes, Frank Ballard stood ready to brin the man who dared to insult Edith; while, cool and determined, Kruger held his revolver upon the breast of the young bee-hunter.

In this position the parties remained several moments that seemed hours so great was the terrible suspense.

"Trotter!" Captain Spencer ventured to say, in a measured tone fraught with a tremor, to the man who stood under the hatchet of Ballard, "go in and bring out that white woman."

Trotter glanced around him preparatory to precipitating the conflict. The heart of every one leaped into his throat; the fingers of every man tightened upon his weapon; the sinews in every frame became strung to their highest tension. A quiver seemed to thrill each form that swayed and trembled like a great tree before it loses its balance and goes crashing and thundering to earth.

A few moments more would have precipitated the conflict, but before even this had elapsed, a rifle in the hands of an unseen foe—a foe in the darkness—rang out, and Kruger's hand fell at his side, his head fell upon his breast; his knees gave way, and he sunk down like an ox in the shambles.

A comrade sprung to his side and raised his head; but life was already extinct; a bullet through the forehead had killed him instantly.

Captain Spencer turned deathly pale. He put up his pistol and advancing to Kruger's side bent over him and in a husky tone said:

"The unknown Marksman is abroad!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

In making up the yearly statement of the average American this year, it looked as though we were the thinnest, most bilious, dyspeptic people on the face of the globe, when the doctors came upon the tramps, and that rugged, healthy class of the community at once brought the standard of national health up to 32% per cent. above that of any other nation.

A PICTURE FRAMED IN OAK

BY ANDREW RYAN.

A sweet young face and laughing eyes—
Whose liquid blue is that the skies
Wear on a cloudless summer day—
Return to-night from out the past
And the old spell around me cast
Like strains of some forgotten lay.

A certain tree, could it but tell
Of what it heard when twilight fell
On some scene's never last long ago,
Would speak now, as in the past.
For its gnarled roots was e'en the seat
Where vows were made in whispers low.

That same oak, where its branches bend
To kiss the brook and softly lulls the stream,
Shade sooths to the restless stream,
Might to each silent listener tell
Of a green mound adown the dell
The wak'ning from my happy dream.

The land beyond must well be dear
To pay all taxes here, where
White flowers die before their bloom;
Hardy does some lovd' image twine
Round our heart-strings ere we resign
Our idol to the silent tomb.

Silver Sam;

OR,
The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

MONTANA, under the broiling rays of the hot noonday sun, was busily engaged in the mine. Hallowell had taken his gun and strolled off up the gulch intending to try for some game. He had been gone some time and Montana was expecting each instant to hear his heavy tread coming down the gulch, when the sound of horses' hoofs fell upon his ears; a few seconds after a little squad of soldiers, thirteen in number, a sergeant and twelve privates, came round the bend in the glade.

The troop came along at a slow trot until they reached Montana's side; then the sergeant gave the command to halt.

"How are ye?" he said, nodding to the miners.

Montana was slightly acquainted with the soldier, who did not bear the best of characters, having been engaged in several disgraceful brawls since his appearance in Deadwood.

"Giving the horses some exercise?" Montana asked.

"No, after deserters; we got wind of a fellow skulking around up in this quarter; seen and one!"

"No one; I rather guess, sergeant, that you're on a false scent. I haven't seen any strangers in these parts for some time."

"I guess the information was all right; the cuss probably keeps himself pretty well hid, ain't he?" he is working in some of the mines round hyer."

"That's possible," Montana admitted, "although I hav'n't heard of any stranger taking up his quarters round here lately."

"Say, Montana, I've got a little matter that I want to see you about," said the sergeant, dropping his voice mysteriously and urging his horse close to the side of the miner. Then he leaned over in the saddle and brought his mouth close to Montana's ear. "I don't know about the men hearin' it, 'cos it might git me into trouble if it comes out that I interfered in the matter in any way; but you're a good square man and I want to put you on your guard."

"Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," the miner replied. He guessed what was coming. The major had been threatening him.

"You know that little fess you had with Major Germaine? Well, he's jes' as savage 'bout it as kin be, and he's going to make it happen for you the very first chance he gets."

"I shall be on my guard."

"And about this here Miss Kirkley," added the sergeant, still more mysteriously, "I kin put you up to a thing or two in that quarter; jes' bend your head over so I kin whisper in your ear."

The miner did so, although he did not believe that the communication would amount to much, yet he was desirous of hearing it, for he wished to know what the gossips of the town said about the matter.

The miner had never said a word; the soldiers were treating him as well as they could, content with their duty, and they were not to blame for the plight into which an unlucky star had plunged him.

Extended at full length upon the ground within the tent, his head resting upon a saddle, which one of the soldiers had kindly brought him, Montana gave way to reflection.

Checkered and bitter had been his lot so far in this world, and he wondered if the future had any brighter days in store for him.

The hours passed slowly away. He could hear the soldiers by their camp-fires, laughing and joking, as one by one they related odd adventures.

"Not a very wise action to kindle a fire for so small a party," thought Montana. "There is no telling who may be near at hand; the Indians have been pretty close in to the town lately, and the reds will smell out a fire like that a dozen miles off."

About ten o'clock the soldiers began to prepare to retire for the night, and the sergeant paid a farewell visit to his prisoner. The soldiers exchanged glances.

"I tell yer, Nick Thompson is about as smart as they make 'em!" one of the men declared. "He ain't a-goin' to give our bird a chance to slip out of our fingers!"

And indeed it was a reasonable conclusion, for the sergeant was leaving no precaution untaken.

"Well, how are you, comfortable?" the soldier asked, as he entered the tent and sat down on the ground beside Montana.

"Oh, yes, as comfortable as a man could hope to be considering the circumstances," the prisoner replied.

"I'll do all I can for you."

"Much obliged."

"Do you s'pose you kin get out of this hyer scrape when you get to Laramie?"

"No doubt about it."

"Then you ain't the Bill Curton that run from there a little over a year ago?"

"Oh, no, and I can easily prove it, too."

"How?"

"By the sutler of the fort. I stopped with him for a month about a year and a half ago."

"Well, if you ain't the man, I don't see why Major Germaine was so durned anxious to h'ist you down to Fort Laramie."

"Oh, it was the major then that arranged this affair?"

"Certainly, I didn't know anything about it. He told me that you were a deserter from the United States service, and that I was to take a squad of a dozen men, arrest you—being careful not to give you any chance to knock us into a cocked hat—and run you off to Fort Laramie; but that arter I got outside of Deadwood, I needn't trouble myself to travel fast; that if I took two weeks to get you to the fort, it would be money in my pocket when I got back."

"The whole affair is utterly ridiculous!" Montana exclaimed, impatiently. "Germaine knowed well enough that I am no more a deserter than he is, and why he should wish to trump up this absurd accusation is a mystery to me."

"Well, it's pretty plain to me, Cap," the sergeant said, abruptly, "to tell the truth!"

"It is?"

"Sartin' you kin bet all the rocks you got into it. The major wants you out of Deadwood for a week or two, and, mebbe in that time he kin fix some matters which he couldn't do if you were to the fore."

"There may be something in that," Montana observed, thoughtfully.

"Right you are, Cap!" the sergeant averred.

"I'll bet you that's somethin' in it! I'll go you six months' pay that if you were back in Deadwood that you would spile some nice little pie that he is cooking up!"

pose of the case at his own sweet will. The men of Deadwood, too, were not children to be frightened at a name. They would demand and enforce justice. What then could his enemy gain by this move?

The whole affair was a profound mystery, and the more the miner reflected the more he was puzzled.

He smiled grimly, though, when a twinge of pain in his head recalled now and then the means which had been employed to capture him.

"They were wise," he murmured under his breath; "for I would have damaged some of them before they should have brought me to this, if I had only had half a chance."

And then Montana fell to speculating upon the excitement which his arrival in Deadwood in such a guise would create.

"A circus will be nothing to it!" he decided.

But instead of riding to Deadwood, the sergeant, impressively, "and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The major said that he would make it all right with me if I got you through to Fort Laramie, and took my time about it. Now, how much will you give if I fix it so that you kin slip out of here and dust back to Deadwood? You'll have your eyes open now and I reckon the major won't try the deserter dodge on you again."

"How can you arrange it?" Montana was such a little suspicious, yet the offer was a very natural one considering the man.

"Perhaps so, but he has the best of it now."

"Say, Cap, how much will it be worth to you to be back in Deadwood?" asked the soldier, lowering his voice so as to be secure from eavesdroppers.

"Eh! I don't exactly understand?"

"Oh, I'm a good, squar' man, I am!" said the sergeant, impressively, "and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The major said that he would make it all right with me if I got you through to Fort Laramie, and took my time about it. Now, how much will you give if I fix it so that you kin slip out of here and dust back to Deadwood? You'll have your eyes open now and I reckon the major won't try the deserter dodge on you again."

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"Easy enough; I'll jes' loosen the lariats so that you kin slip out of them, then I'll take the picket post on the north side of the tent—that's whar the door is myself. 'Bout midnight when you hear me commence to whistle, 'The girl I left behind me, you'll know that the coast is clear; then you kin slip out of the tent, git past me, I'll be in the bush so as not to see you, and hoof it to Deadwood as fast as you kin. In the mornin' I'll start the boys on a wrong trail, so that that won't be any chance of gittin' you ag'in. Now what do you say, Cap?"

"I'll give you fifty dollars, all I have with me."

"It's a bargain!" the sergeant replied.

"Put your hand inside my coat; you'll find a secret pocket there with the money in it, and then if I reach Deadwood in safety I'll give you twenty-five more the first time I meet you there."

"All right; it's a go!"

The sergeant possessed himself of the money and then loosened the lariats.



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98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Note From Mr. Aiken.

The following communication from Mr. Alber W. Aiken "tells its own story," and imparts pleasant information to a wide circle of readers:

"**MISS BEADLE AND ADAMS:**—Since completing the story 'Injun Dick' I have obtained new and exceedingly interesting matter relating to the career of Dick Talbot, 'Injun Dick,' or Talbot, as he is known in the Shasta country. When I first named the story of 'Overland Kit' which the character would develop among our reading public. Many, no doubt, supposed that I have drawn it from my imagination, and that the plot is but a creature of fiction; a creation of my own; but, any of the old inhabitants of the mining regions will remember 'Cherokees.'

"In any other land but this strange wild West of ours such a man would simply be an impossibility, but here he is a *survivor* of the situation, and a sort of corollary of its civilization."

"The new story Talbot's adventures after his supposed death on the summit of Mount Shasta, the first attempt at crossing made by the way to the Orient, is now written. When I first named the story of 'Overland Kit' which the character would develop among our reading public. Many, no doubt, supposed that I have drawn it from my imagination, and that the plot is but a creature of fiction; a creation of my own; but, any of the old inhabitants of the mining regions will remember 'Cherokees.'

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"The new story Joe Bowers lives again; as fat and drowsy as ever; Mud Turtle, the chief; Maneater-Red Dog, the Bull, and other noted warriors of the Shasta tribes, also appear, and in the road-agent band of 'Captain Death' I have described a gang which was at one time the terror of the whole Shasta region.

"Yours in haste,

ALBERT W. AIKEN,
ROSE RANCH, May 10th, 1877.

The new story commences in No. 380 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Regular readers, to make sure of securing their papers, should leave an order with their newsdealer to lay aside each number for them. The demand for the story will, doubtless, quickly exhaust the first supplies of the news-agents who fail to be prepared for "a rush."

"In answer to frequent inquiries regarding the republication in the paper, or in book form, of certain popular stories, we answer, generally, that, as we are crowded with *new* stories, reproduction of serials is almost impossible, so far as the paper is concerned; and the only thing left is to put the story in some one of our several series of novels for which it is best fitted. This is, however, not always feasible, and therefore many a good romance, when it runs out of print in the paper, must remain out of print. Where the work has an interest that almost compels the publisher to keep it in print, it is assigned, sooner or later, to its proper book-form issue, and this alone has directed the selection of the JOURNAL stories we have put in book form, as it must continue to direct us. We cannot promise to reproduce any given story, and must give a peremptory *No!* to any reissue of many fine things; hence, the only way to secure any particular novel is to take it in the paper, as it is published, or to order a full set of the papers soon after its completion as a serial in the JOURNAL.

Sunshine Papers.**Decoration Day.**

DECORATION DAY. Such a prettily named holiday, but one so potent to unveil crapping pictures in many hearts, and awaken a deathless grief. This last among the spring-tide days, May's gladdest suns and sweetest garlands cannot redeem from an atmosphere of tender sorrow.

New Year Day comes with glad pealing of bells, and joyous rounds of visits, and merry music of talk and laughter. The twenty-second of February dawns amidst the thunder of cannon, and floats to its death on strains of martial music. Banners kiss the winds, and soldiers parade, proudly, in honorable memory of the great general and ruler whom every American heart cherishes with loving veneration. Easter is flushed with flowers and hallowed of thousand of reverent hearts. And then this thirtieth of May approaches. Again the flags flutter against the azure heavens; again martial music echoes on the soft spring air; again a day is filled with blossoms. Crowds hurry to and fro along the streets. The holiday garb is noticeable everywhere; but the faces of men and women have a look upon them of having been brought face to face with some great past sadness. Soldiers hasten to appointed places of rendezvous, or march along the avenues to slow, stately music, their mien, to-day, strangely grave; their thoughts are of other marches, and other music. Only little children are glad and jubilant under the blue May skies, in the balmy May air; and birds flutter and carol, and flowers flash and spill trails of perfume everywhere.

But the throngs move with strange unanimity for a holiday, and their steps are bended toward quiet, sacred spots. They cluster about these carved forms of America's two noblest patriots, and lo! how they do them homage! The stone pedestals are upraised from beds of verdant moss, starred and garnished with a wealth of floral treasure. The Red, White and Blue of our national ensign

is mingled with mother earth's sweetest offerings, to decorate the sculptured forms of the Father and the Savior, and the multitude approve the tribute of affection. But presently they move on to where

'Lieft a village white and still;
And above the forest trees,
The sun and whistling breezes;
Over it sailing shadows go;
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow by the side of every street.
It is silent, save the mill,
Never is sound of wheel or mill.
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers.'

Never a clock to tell the hours;
The windows are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut;
All the village lieft asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

They leave their plows in the field—as they had such a habit of doing, and drew their swords and sabers in defense of the land they loved and honored.

Their daring deeds and exploits are to be found recorded in all good histories, though I must say they figure under assumed names, as their modesty was off the same piece as their bravery.

To perpetuate the memory of that great Revolt I have a cabinet full of relics of my revolting forefathers which I keep with sacred care, and look at when I feel my love of country, in a measure, on the decline.

Here we see a boot and a shoe which one of them wore at the battle of Brandywine, very unfortunately; for I find in the records of the family that his statement for running away was that the shoe wanted to go forward, but the boot wanted to go backward, and carried the shoe and my ancestral warrior with it, much to his chagrin—and safety.

Here we have a continental coat with bullet-holes in the breast and back, showing that a bullet-ball had passed clear through. This coat the owner brought home from a battle and proudly exhibited to his neighbors, but as he could not show a corresponding wound on his breast, his statement that he was wearing the coat at the time was taken with a full degree of allowance by persons who were disposed to be too incredulous to live.

In this corner is Major Whitehorn's medicine chest, which he always carried with him in case of sickness. On the bottles you still see the labels, "Brand D" "Sham Pain," "Whisk E," "Bur Bone," "M. Julep," "Pay Lain," "Ap L. Jack," "Cherub Ounce," "Ol Dry," "Mornin-Gally," "Tan Z" and various other medicinal names well known in Pharamacy even to this day.

Here is a coat belonging to Captain Whitehorn, who, once in the confusion of battle, charged single-handed on the British, but discovered his mistake and rectified it. An English cavalryman, after an exciting chase, got close enough to him to cut off both the tails at one fell swoop, but did not cut off his retreat.

There hangs the sword with which a patriotic ancestor cut off several heads during the war, but as the records fail to say distinctly whether they were British heads, cabbage-heads, or chickens' heads, some enemies of our family are inclined to look upon the story facetiously.

Here is the memorandum book of Shorty Whitehorn, the renowned hero of many charges which he survived. He gloriously served his country as a sutler during the war, and it is truly recorded of him that his sugar was not all sand, that his roasted split beans had some grains of coffee in, and that no soldier had to take a drink of water after drinking his liquors, as he saved them that trouble by putting the water in before, and he never charged more than three prices for anything—he said so himself.

Aminadab Whitehorn, who was a captain, never left the field during the battle of Monmouth, and to commemorate the event he made this coat from the hollow tree in which he resided during the engagement. For his heroic conduct he was cashiered—that is, he was made cashier of some Continental bank, I suppose.

This musket was carried all through the war by a Whitehorn sergeant. He had it bent zig-zag on purpose, so the ball would take a zig-zag course and be sure to hit somebody or several of them. The lock becoming out of order he replaced it with a spring door-lock, as you see.

Here is a coat worn by Nicodemus Whitehorn, so full of holes that there is not room enough to put another one in, and you would have to paste one on. These holes he always affirmed were shot in during the war. What is the most remarkable is that he was a very healthy man and was never sick in his life.

These buckskin knee-breeches belonged to a very remote relative of the family, and who was the only connection who was shot in the war. He was shot while gallantly serving his beloved country as a deserter.

Those cavalry boots standing over there belonged to a General Whitehorn. You might mistake them for war-boots. You can imagine that he stood on a good war-footing. His father owned a tannery in Jersey, and a large leather. It is said he never retreated because his feet were so big he couldn't run.

When he got in the midst of the enemy and began kicking shins he played smash with them. They never allowed him to get to the rear of them. When the balls flew thick he would lie on his back, feet to the foe, and the balls afforded a good breastwork.

He is the saddle Col. John Whitehorn rode

upon in his retreat from the battle of Yorktown—having mistaken the call to charge for the call to fall back; he fell back but was not shot. He came off without a scratch, and that fared better on the battle-field than he did at home, so the chronicles relate. He is said to have been always in front of his men—in a retreat, and an excellent horseman.

You see here the saber of Lieutenant Jake Whitehorn. The chronicles give a glowing description of how that glittering weapon flashed in the air in the very thickest of a dress parade.

A British officer borrowed it of him during the battle of White Plains, and the British, in consideration of the gift, took him to board

until the close of the war.

This is Captain Sam Whitehorn's hat which either went through the war or the war went through it; from the appearance the latter seems most likely. He was death on British and Americans, and during the battle of Trenton was commissioned to return home. His comrades regretted his departure, and escorted him out of camp with drums and fifes, playing a celebrated march in a feeling manner.

This is the canteen of my venerable grandfather who was a private in the first rank. What patriotic associations cluster around this

never be misaprops nor can it be written about too much. Let us all so live that we may become worthy of that mother's love, that her guardian spirit may watch over us and lead us in the path of right. And when we come to die to follow her to the land of the angels, we may not look as though we were about to take a long journey, but only just going "over to mother's."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.**Revolutionary Relics.**

THE Whitehorns were all survivors of the Revolution, in which they took a big part, and I am proud to say that if it had not been for them the Revolution would not have been half the thing that it was—not half.

They left their plows in the field—as they had such a habit of doing, and drew their swords and sabers in defense of the land they loved and honored.

Their daring deeds and exploits are to be found recorded in all good histories, though I must say they figure under assumed names, as their modesty was off the same piece as their bravery.

I can never read of their daring without a warm feeling in my heart, and specs on my eyes. They swept down like sheep on the fold, and carried terror with them wherever they went; they were always full of it, as the official reports of the generals declare.

To perpetuate the memory of that great Revolt I have a cabinet full of relics of my revolting forefathers which I keep with sacred care, and look at when I feel my love of country, in a measure, on the decline.

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Those cavalry boots standing over there belonged to a General Whitehorn. You might mistake them for war-boots. You can imagine that he stood on a good war-footing. His father owned a tannery in Jersey, and a large leather. It is said he never retreated because his feet were so big he couldn't run.

When he got in the midst of the enemy and began kicking shins he played smash with them. They never allowed him to get to the rear of them. When the balls flew thick he would lie on his back, feet to the foe, and the balls afforded a good breastwork.

He is the saddle Col. John Whitehorn rode

upon in his retreat from the battle of Yorktown—having mistaken the call to fall back; he fell back but was not shot. He came off without a scratch, and that fared better on the battle-field than he did at home, so the chronicles relate. He is said to have been always in front of his men—in a retreat, and an excellent horseman.

You see here the saber of Lieutenant Jake Whitehorn. The chronicles give a glowing description of how that glittering weapon flashed in the air in the very thickest of a dress parade.

A British officer borrowed it of him during the battle of White Plains, and the British, in consideration of the gift, took him to board

until the close of the war.

This is Captain Sam Whitehorn's hat which either went through the war or the war went through it; from the appearance the latter seems most likely. He was death on British and Americans, and during the battle of Trenton was commissioned to return home. His comrades regretted his departure, and escorted him out of camp with drums and fifes, playing a celebrated march in a feeling manner.

This is the canteen of my venerable grandfather who was a private in the first rank. What patriotic associations cluster around this

ancient receptacle! The cork is entirely worn out, and an inch of the nozzle worn off. In going into battle he always filled it with forty rounds of ammunition, and he stayed as long as it lasted. Precious relic!

It is empty now!

But the spirit of '76 overcomes me like the spirit of 7 to 8. Let us close the door.

Thoughtfully yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The West Point graduates this year will number seventy-seven—the largest class on record.

—The complaint against the new steam street cars in Philadelphia is not that they are noisy, but that they run so quickly that pedestrians are endangered.

—The "Big Bonanza" yielded \$30,108,955 gold and \$25,700,682 silver from its discovery to September 30, 1876. In this deposit the usual ponderance of gold over silver is reversed.

—Germany furnishes annually 120,000 fox skins, 20,000 pine martens, 60,000 stone martens, 20,000 pole-cats, 8,000 otters, 8,000 badgers, and 60,000 hare-skins. In rabbit skins she sends out only 300,000, to France \$6,000,000. The list closes with 400,000 domestic cat-skins.

—Princeton College is fitting out an expedition for scientific research probably in the comparatively unknown region of the Green River Valley, in Wyoming Territory. Fifteen students, two professors, and the necessary attendants will go about June 20, and stay some three months at least.

—Two grammar school students in New Haven, Ct., who had never seen Bell's telephone, have constructed two instruments according to a description given them. They work successfully, and the makers shout sing and whistle to one another through them from the residence of one to the other to their hearts' content.

—The great gold mine of Los Christas, at Caucanes, in Chili, which has been lost for forty years, has been found by three Englishmen. It was abandoned at a

an honest candor, that, though she had not supposed him capable of it, nevertheless impressed her strongly at first with a sensation of surprise, followed by a bewildered thankfulness that amounted to almost wild ecstasy as she went to her own room to answer it.

Even in the midst of her thankful-exuberant delight, at the news of her husband's removal from her vicinity, she did not lose sight of her prudence. She did not permit herself to write a scratch of her pen in reply, but only wrapped the money in a securely-sealed packet, and went down into the breakfast-room and ordered her maid, who was still in waiting, to send the messenger from Sunset Hill to her.

He received the package with stolid indifference, gave her a second sealed note, which she opened and saw was a receipt, and went away.

And so it was ended—Rose thought. If only it had not been for that other terrible truth, what a heaven of safety and relief would have been before her!

The succeeding day was one of gloom and storm; snow whirled in dizzy eddies through the air, and piled soft and white on path and lawn, and Jocelyne laughingly declared it was in honor of her wedding.

The next day it cleared, with a sharp, sunshiny air; and on the Thursday, the wedding morn, another gloriously fair winter day dawned, and active preparations were begun for the quiet festivities in the evening.

Throughout the morning Jocelyne fitted through the greater part of the day with warmth as sun-martine, and looking like a vast conservatory so profuse were the floral decorations, herself looking like some dainty flower, in her cardinal silk morning-dress, with her lovely, wavy hair floating in a dusky shower over her shoulders.

But she was pale. Mr. Ithamar and Rose had noted it when she came down to breakfast, and Rose had laughingly rallied her on her ability to look the interesting bride-elect, while her lover had expressed his solicitude at once.

"Jocelyne, my darling, you are not ill?"

"She smilingly assured them that she was not; and Rose, who was keeping up appearances wonderfully despite the bad wish in her heart that Jocelyne were sick, dead, anything, spoke reassuringly in her behalf.

"Cousin Florian, you certainly do not expect that the excitement of the occasion will not make her charmingly pale and, as I said, interesting! You would not want to see her rosy and blooming, would you?"

His tender glance rested gravely on her pure, pale face.

"I certainly wish to see her looking well. Promise me, Jocelyne, that you will not over-exert yourself to-day. I will see that everything is right. Promise me you will rest after lunch in your room for an hour or two."

Jocelyne gave the required assent merrily.

"Yes, Guardy, I promise; only it is too funny that because I am a little pale you think I am ill."

"I remember that this same pallor once followed or preceded a serious indisposition, Jocelyne—the time you told me of the pain around your heart. You are sure you have no pain around your heart now?"

"Quite sure, Guardy. This morning I had—a little—it amounted to nothing. Indeed, it was nothing at all."

And Rose sat with her head drooped over her coffee-cup, wishing that the pain around Jocelyne's heart might—

And only by the suppressed glitter in her eyes, as she finished her breakfast, would one have known of the horrible thoughts in her heart—this woman who was daily, hourly, momentarily drifting further and further into that sea of sin where there is no return tide.

True to her word, Jocelyne remained quiet all day. At lunch Mr. Ithamar noticed the same pallor was not increased, and that the flow of spirits was gay and girlishly happy; and when, after Rose had left the dining-room at a summons from a carpenter working under her directions, he took her in his strong, loving arms, and drew her dusky head to his breast, and looked down into the beautiful eyes, it seemed as never before had he so loved her, never before had his heart so yearned toward her.

"My little love, my little darling! Jocelyne, the very thought that you are ill makes my heart ache with such a vague, strange pain. Oh, my love, if I should lose you!"

She nestled closer in her warm embrace, so contentedly, so perfectly content.

And if either of them knew that it was the last time! If either of them had known all the horror that lay beyond!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CROWNING CRIME.

JOCELYNE, true to her word to Mr. Ithamar, had retired to her room to take the quiet repose he had prescribed for her, and of which she really felt she was in imperative need.

As she had lighted, complaisant to her guardian-lover, she had suffered a moment of disagreable sense of constriction around her heart, and a faint sense of languor she had attributed to having been unusually busied those last few days before the wedding, added to a perfectly new day.

She realized now, as she lay there on her low silken couch, that she had been physically affected by the events of the past few days more than she had known until now; and then she thought, with vague wonderment, that it was so that she had so willingly, so毫不hesitatingly been on with the new love.

It was all right, however, perfectly right, or her guardian-lover would never have permitted her to have done so.

She certainly had exchanged an imaginary for a real happiness, and then she remembered having heard her mother say once, years before she had died, that when one experienced the slightest doubt upon the right or wrong of any action, it could be settled instantly by their conscientious ability to beg God's blessing upon it. And Jocelyne's last waking thought, as she yielded to a deliciously slumberous sensation, was that with all her heart and strength, and mind and soul, she could plead Heaven's blessing and sanction on her betrothal to Florian Ithamar.

Jocelyne's maid had closed all the shutters and drawn all the curtains of her mistress' rooms, so that only a dim twilight reigned, while in the open grate the fire glowed dully behind the silver bars, sending long lances of red light along the carpet, and into the dusk shadows of the quiet room.

Rose St. Felix halted as she came across the threshold, her eyes gleaming like black stars as she locked the door after her, with the key which Rose had left it in, according to Jocelyne's directions; and her soft cashmere wrapper swept noiselessly across the floor as she glided nearer the couch.

The house seemed enwrapped in supernatural stillness, that appeared all the more supernatural that she knew there were progressing such cheerful, busy preparations for the evening. She was positively sure no human soul knew of her presence in Jocelyne's rooms—her baleful presence, with her glowing eyes that betokened the intense pitch of jealous wrath to which she was most resistless force.

She stood at the head of the couch, looking around at the luxuries on every hand—at the delicate rose-flushes of fire-glow on the creamy walls and upholstery, on the statuettes and cool, pure engravings that betokened Jocelyne's refined, aristocratic taste; then she looked down on the fair sweet girl lying on the silken couch, her long dark lashes sweeping her white cheeks, her low, regular breathing indicating how peaceful her sleep was.

Rose's eyes gleamed still more brightly; she bent her face, that was paler even than Jocelyne's, nearer the lovely dusky head, and it

seemed as though a silent curse was on her motionless lips.

"How hate her! How I envy her! If she only could never, never waken! And how easy it would be!"

The thought surged through her brain with awful force, that was the more awful because for the first time all her jealousy and hate assumed tangible form. True, she had uttered wildest prayers for Jocelyne's death; true, she had wished some catastrophe would happen, but never until this moment had it come to her to make herself the instrument to accomplish her desire from Sunset Hill to her.

He received the package with stolid indifference, gave her a second sealed note, which she opened and saw was a receipt, and went away.

And so it was ended—Rose thought. If only it had not been for that other terrible truth, what a heaven of safety and relief would have been before her!

She had come to Jocelyne's room—hardly knowing why or for what, except that she was impelled by some impulse she could not resist—she who had no way to her wicked impulses often that she was the most slave to them.

But now, face to face with the terrible possibility!

I would not paint Rose St. Felix blacker than she was. She was no dreadful monster, no horrible fiend, whose nature demanded the reviling in crime as the only possibility of happiness. If she had been born to the position she was occupying by fraud, if she had been fortunate in her younger days, and life had offered her a different chance for happiness, and she had not been surrounded by another's influence from that instant, Rose St. Felix would have gone on her way as thousands of women do, creditably enough, with no knowledge of her capacity for evil, simply because the occasion did not exist for demanding them; she would have gone on, untried, because untempted, as many a woman has done and is doing, exulting in their magnificently superior goodness, when they should rather down on their knees and thank God that they have been delivered from temptation—temptation, which is the only measure of virtue.

To one woman, God in his mercy, knowing her weaknesses, would protect and secure from her the world, but irretrievable dismay to another, he would permit the temptation, and give special grace to overcome; but to this woman, this Rose St. Felix, who had no spark of piety, no germ of religious sentiment, no particular principle to sustain her against these assaults of Satan and the tendencies of wickedness that are inherent in even the noblest natures—this woman, swayed by that mightiest of emotions, animal passion, this woman, who hungered and thirsted for the possession of the good things of this world, who yearned for the joys of creation and immunity from her one foe—what wonder that she was as helplessly, hopelessly as the savage energy of her own passions as a frail building is to the red fury of flames fed by a high wind?

I think that as Rose stood there, paling and trembling, looking down on Jocelyne's pure, sweet face, she hardly appreciated the full awfulness of the sin her heart had suggested to her. In such moods as Rose was in, results and causes bear no relation to each other; but, whether or not the red word murder echoed through her maddened brain, whether or not she realized with desperate appreciation the dire consequences contemplated, of one thing there was no doubt, and that is, that not a ray of shuddering fear crossed her face, or a shadow of pitiful relenting came among the lurid gleams of her eyes, that looked with terrible unfinchings upon the beautiful dusky head, whose long hair was unbound and streaming in lustrous waves over her shoulders and down to her waist.

Her lashes lay against her pure, pale cheeks; her lips, warmly red, were lightly closed; one dainty arm was tossed carelessly above her head, and the other, with her fingers clasped behind her back, disclosing its exquisite contour; her delicate, slender throat was partially bare, fair and perfect as a column of ivory.

Rose took in every detail of that beautiful face and form.

"It is no wonder that she is beloved," she thought; "she has youth, beauty, wealth, everything to recommend her, while I—I am liable to be discovered, and cast out into the world, and branded as the impostor I am. And she—"

Rose's eyes burned with redoubled evil glare—"she stands between me and perfect happiness, if I swear I will win him in time—she will be mine!"

The dark, bright eyes kept their terrible watch on the girl's unconscious face, and her thoughts rushed on.

"No one would suspect—she told Mr. Ithamar she had pains at her heart—she has fainted several times—and it would only take one moment of courage, or nerve, and the obstacle would be removed! There would be only one brief struggle for her life, no tinge of what I have suffered—there would be no trace left—shall I not do it?"

Her passion had worked her up to its intensest pitch. Every cautious feeling she might have retained was gone; boldness and daring, desperation and recklessness, the very attendant spirits of murder were dominant over her, filling her entire being, and clamoring like hungry beasts whose appetites had been whetted by the smell and signs of blood.

Almost a smile was on her lips as she moved silently across the floor of Jocelyne's boudoir into the bedroom beyond, where everything was tokened such sweet purity and holy peace.

Exquisite lace curtains, like snowdrifts, shrouded the darkened windows; large easy-chairs upholstered in white, with a cushioned back, a small sofa, a French bed, low and exquisitely carved, stood at one end of the room, with its white silken and lace canopy, its silken coveredlid, its square sham pillows of silk, with fluted lace-edged silk ruffles; the carpet was one immense soft Turkish rug of spotless white, and through the door at the opposite end of the room, she caught a glimpse of the marble bath beyond.

It was all so holy, so pure, and so awfully at variance with herself, her thoughts; but Rose only realized, as she gazed on the soft repose, that to go on with her mission had come with her into life from the ineffaceable stain of blood, with her soul lost to all eternity, was not preferable to the knowledge that if she left only the fair form of Jocelyne lying on her couch, instead of the beautiful soul that animated it, her way was clear as sunlight to the desired end.

So, with stealthy steps and silent motion, she crossed the floor and removed one of the massive sham pillows from the bed; with calm, controlled step she returned to the couch where Jocelyne slept, and raised the pillow in her strong, untrusting hands. Her nerves were quite dead with the motion, her breath, her fast-beats came regular as the diamond girl's before her; her face was only bloodlessly pallid; the sole sign she gave of anything save the most astonishing self-possession.

For one second she raised the pillow high in the air, poised it for the fatal swoop, and then she flung it suddenly down on Jocelyne's sweet face, and held it there, with hands strong enough to have crushed the life out of a strong man!

A minute—two—three—four—five. Was it eternity? Had she lived a thousand lives, or was it a thousandfold longer than she lived? Did she fling that pillow and look beneath? Did she see the result of her desperate resistance against the few fierce, hopeless struggles the girl had made?

And then—Rose lifted the lace-frilled pillow, to see that the lovely face had turned from its pure, delicate fairness to a dull, purple-dark hue—as she had expected to see it; but there was no contortion of fears or horrors on the calm features, so calm, so awfully calm.

She laid her hand on the heart that gave no response to her touch, and then Rose St. Felix knew that to the list of her other sins she had added the red horror of murder! Then she knew there would be mourning in place of marriage-bells!

Very quietly and coolly she completed her work, and her fertile brain seemed with curiously wild delight as she anticipated how natural it would be to account for everything in the light of scientific and medical common sense.

"Jocelyne was subject to fainting spells—all the household was aware of the fact—her maid can prove she has had alarming attacks—Mr. Ithamar knew she was complaining of her heart only this morning—and the excitement of the occasion has brought on a severe attack of unconsciousness, and what more easily accounted for than that she buried her face in her pillow, and suffocated while unconscious?"

And she said as she turned Jocelyne over, laying the still face against the blue silken cushion of the couch, and placing one hand inside her wrapper over her heart.

Then she replaced the large pillow on Jocelyne's bed; then she gave a parting glance of scrutiny around the room, and then went away, unseen, unheard by human eye or ear!

She had come to the portal was thrown open and the three slaves sprung within, followed closely by Photine.

It was a large, elegantly furnished apartment, and in it were four persons who sprung to their feet upon the entrance of the party.

Those four were Kaloolah and Zuleikah, Julian Delos and Paul Malvern, and they were seated at a table, apparently enjoying refreshments, when so unceremoniously disturbed.

"Seize the traitors! Seize and bind them!"

almost shrieked Photine, and the slaves hurried themselves upon the two young men who were unarmed, and could offer no resistance.

In five minutes Paul, Julian, and the two maidens were securely bound.

"Now, where is the arch traitress?"

"As Photine spoke old Eldrene bounded into the room most mimbly for one of her age, and at once Paul Malvern and Julian Delos found themselves enrobed in the iron grasp of the slave Khan.

"Bind her! and then bear all three away!

"You know your duty, slave, and I command you to do it."

"Your noble ladyship shall be obeyed," and the eunuch bowed low in obeisance, as, with trembling form, flashing eyes, and joyous twirlings of the face, the beautiful woman turned and glided from the room.

Happy indeed was she, for by their own act her lovely rivals had rid her of her presence.

By the Turkish law they had sentenced themselves to death, when they violated the sanctity of the harem.

If she did not order them to death—they and their lovers—she knew that Al Sirat would, and thus she reassured herself with the thought that she would be guiltless of their death.

Sternly Khem bade the culprits follow him, and slowly the party moved from the room, out into the night, and then down the myrtle avenue, leading to the landing stairs.

Here they entered a large *cottage*, the two under slaves seized the oars and away sped the boat over the dark waters of the Bosphorus, which were lost in midnight gloom, while clouds obscured the stars from view.

A row of half a league, and the *cottage* shot alongside of a large vessel of the *tartan* class, and here was made fast.

"Come."

It was all that the eunuch said, and as Paul arose in obedience to this command, his bonds were taken from him, and he stepped on board the *tartan*, where he was met by the Signor Dimitri.

Soon after, one by one followed Julian Delos, Zuleikah, and old Eldrene, who, as she stepped from the *cottage*, handed to Khem a large bag filled with gold.

"Return and report that you did your duty. If I mistake not, the Lady Photine will reward you also, for she was almost crazed with jealousy."

So saying, old Eldrene stepped on board the vessel, and the *cottage* rapidly sped away into the gloom of the strait—Khem rejoicing in the double plot he had played, and which had enriched him through the generosity of Julian Delos.

Upon the deck Eldrene found himself in the arms of his huge son, for Mesrak was no longer in front, he was free, and seemed happy in his freedom.

Then the anchor was hoisted, farewells said to the Signor Dimitri, who sprung into his waiting boat alongside, the sails let fall by willing hands, and the sharp prow of the *tartan* turned down the Bosphorus, flying like some huge bird, away from the land of strange deeds and stranger people.

From my sentinel sleep by the night-dreaded deep.

I gaze with unnumbering eye

What is the cypress star of the mariner

Is blotted from the sky!

And guided by me through the merless sea,

Though sped by the heraldic wings,

His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark

To the haven home safely he brings.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,

Night's

army of Turks, or the red field and star and crescent banner of the Moslems waving over the sacred walls."

Descending into a small vale, they suddenly heard several shots, fired in rapid succession, and dashing forward, came upon a scene that at once caused Julian to cry, in ringing tones:

"There are your foes, Cretans. Charge!"

With wild cries of "Zito! Zito!" the squadron dashed forward, their spurs jingling, their scimitars whirling.

And upon what?

A score of Turkish cavalry surrounding a fallen steed, and two human forms that lay upon the ground.

But the Cretans were upon them; they were aware of danger, and though the Turks resisted bravely, fighting with that Mohammedan courage that is a part of their nature, in five minutes the combat ended—ended with the fall of the last Moslem, and the death and wounding of several Cretans.

Then Julian spurred forward to where the fallen steed and the two forms lay.

The one was a Turk, shot through the head, and the purple tassel of his fez half stained red with blood; the other was the Sfakiotie courier, who, a few hours before, had so mysteriously left the Cretan camp.

He lay, pinned down by his horse, and either stoned or dead.

Bounding to the ground, Julian knelt by his side, and with Paul's assistance, dragged him from beneath the body of his dead horse.

Then he quickly laid him comfortably upon a mossy bank, and tore open his velvet jacket in search of a wound.

With amazement he started, and then ran his hand lightly over the upturned face. With the motion the dark mustache came from the lip, the turban was displaced, and a wealth of dark hair burst forth—the Sfakiotie was a woman!

Nay, more: in that beautiful face, now devoid of disguise, Julian Delore recognized one who was dearer to him than all the world. Kalooch, either in a deep swoon or dead, lay before him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

THE HEART'S SECRET.

BY KATE MOORLAN.

I cannot reason with this new-born joy,
I cannot answer for my heart's deep swell,
Exuberant, and without fear a sally.
Nor can I e'en its hopeful gladness quell
By bringing from the past death and moth,
And seeking safety from the curse of woes,
Till it but on me wax wroth.

It smiles, and I am conquered, ere I kiss.

Such smiles! now lighting up the quiet eyes
Of gray, with dreamy gladness, strange and bright;
As one might see in distant tropic skies,
The nearer to the cheek of a straight night.
Dimples on the cheek, and a smile of grave;
Rippling unconsciously the fresh mouth o'er,
Like some pink shell the crystal wave
Might ripple playfully unto the shore.

Cheeks, yesterday pale, now flushed and warm;
Hands tightly clasped against the heaving breast,
I cannot guess what deep and magic charm
Has lulled that trembling heart, at last, to rest.
I seek no rest, but for the love of you,
The oft-repeated of that once-sad hook
From my too eager and too curious sight.

From my too eager and too curious sight

With a holy conscious gloom and glowing look.

Nay, gentle heart, I will not question thee,
Quiet thy mute and innocent distress;
Thou hast been very faithful unto me,
And yet has had no rest, no happiness.

Poor heart, sweet heart, if this so,
Now has thy sight thy secret yet to see;
Keep it as thou hast kept the former woe—
Or rather, keep it yet more jealously.

Come forth, then; nay, I will not trouble thee,
I will not rive in thy burning cheek;
Or in thy pages once known to me,
The newly-found joy but not seek.

To pierce, then, and to see,
Sooth thy heart, what need to still
Thy joy, to quench thine eye's bright beam,
And pale thy cheek, and thy sweet sensess thrill?

Tell with grief? let the dead sea
Of fathomless futurity, bide still;

Dream on, even if it is not to be,
And thou must feel full disappointment's chill.

Dream while the world for art happy now,
Such earthly aspirations from thine eye.

Beam forth, such sweet humility thy brow

Crowns as thou dreamest, but for the dye

Of cheek, and shy and conscious smile,

I'd say that thou wert blushing in deep prayer;

Dream on, poor heart! and I will watch the while;

Pluck life's fair flowers to comfort its despair;

Live now, and let the dead past go;

Nor fear for future ill; the fruit may not be

thin.

O! cult to-day's fair flowers as they blow;

The present give thee; the future shall be mine

—
THE GIRL RIVALS;
—
THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.
ROSES IN OCTOBER.

A COLD, dull, sickening fear had for many days and nights been growing upon Honoria Appleton. She looked with wonder on little Mildred, to think she could keep up her sparkling spirits in the face of the fact that weeks had elapsed since Judson had gone to State's prison, and yet no tidings had come to any one to prove the existence of her cousin.

Many times Honoria longed to warn the wife—not to hope so fondly—not to put such confidence in the vision of a sickly girl; but Mildred was so busy with her books, music and painting; so almost sublime in the stern resolution which she kept to herself—that when Otis did come, she would go, and would free him from his bonds and leave him at liberty to be happy with his splendid cousin—such was dread to disturb her with the preying misery of her own fears.

The two girls were keeping house in the old family mansion; in a very private way, keeping the front shutters closed that they might not be intruded upon by chance acquaintances, the most of the highest aristocratic friends still staying in the mountains or at the seaside. Mildred wanted to go away, feeling a great desire about being found in that house when she should arrive.

But Honoria would not listen to her, asking what she would do, left all alone, with only servants, in that great mansion. So Mildred yielded, according to her nature, and remained, while Honoria did not say to her that she felt there would never be any reason for her going away.

One hot and dusky August day the fair young mistress of the mansion had exhibited a deep melancholy all day, which had the effect to depress the hopeful spirits of her friend.

Finally, not daring to put her despondency into plainer expression, Honoria came down to tea dressed all in black.

Mildred looked at her in surprise which深ened to consternation, then glanced down at her own white robe and the pink carnations on her bosom, while the tears sprung to her eyes.

Neither of the girls did more than pretend to drink their tea. As they were leaving the room the little wife wound one white arm about her companion's waist.

* Equivalent to hurrah! or vive!

"You think he is dead," she whispered.
"Yes. But it may be because I am not quite well. My head aches; and so I look at things with gloomy eyes."

"Shall I go and put on my black dress, too?"

"Not to-night. I prefer to see you as you are. So long as you have hope I shall not quite despair."

They turned into the music-room. There were a few wax candles lighted here, whose silvery luster hardly intruded upon the flood of glorious moonlight which fell in crystal cataracts through two tall windows opening to the south, deluging the lovely room with radiance.

Mildred sat down to the piano, touched the keys with a fairy touch, and began to sing to herself in low, soft tones mournful songs of sorrow and passion. A broad stream of moonlight lay over her fair, pure face till it was like the face of an angel. Honoria could not bear even this sweet company, wandering off into the great drawing-room, faintly lighted by a single moonlight globe, and the mystic light which fell through one window to the south.

Here she paced up and down, the long train of her black dress trailing after her, not one jewel lighting up the dusk of her streaming hair, which she had let down because its weight was too oppressive to her aching head.

Suddenly she paused, clasping her hands, and falling back a step with a gesture that would have become a queen of tragedy, but with her wholly unpremeditated. The door bell had sounded, and for some reason, which she did not herself comprehend, the summons was full of meaning—like the cry of a friend in danger. She stood still and listened.

The old servitor was speaking with some one at the door; then the door closed, and as nothing was heard, she was about to resume her walk when the door from the hall softly opened and some one stepped into the room.

"Honoria, is it you?"

"Otis! Oh, thank God, you have come at last!"

Their voices were vibrant with deep emotion, but not loud, and the sweet singer in the music-room adjoining—the folding-doors open between the two rooms—heard nothing, and went on with her low, sad, heart-touching singing.

Otis held out his arms and his cousin rushed into them. He kissed her and she returned his kiss.

"I could not stay away longer, cousin; the call of my heart was too powerful. It is wrong to be here—it is against the voice of pride and the sense of duty—but I had to come, or die. There, now, I have frightened you, sweet!"

"You have," answered Honoria, tearing herself from his arms. "It does frighten me to hear you say such things. I was so glad to see you, alive, whom we mourned as dead, that I remembered only that you were my dear cousin—my own cousin, ever dear, ever an object of the deepest interest to me, but my cousin only. Otis, dear, where have you been? Why did you allow us to suffer so much in the fear that you were dead?"

"Allow us? Who is 'us,' may I ask?"

"Hush! speak and move very softly, and I will show you," leading him toward the folding-doors, and signing him to look into the music-room.

He did look a long, long time, very silently. Honoria could not guess what thoughts were passing through his brain.

The house was sweet with flowers and quaintly handsome with its old-fashioned adornments. Guests poured in—Miss Appleton among them—and merry laughter, music and feasting soon brought the starry evening, when all the respectable people in Pentacket dined to the wedding.

Ruth made a sweet, girlish, pretty bride. Her long white silk robe, her veil, her orange-flowers, her smile and blushes were charming; but she had a rival in the popular chattering; for no living being in that mass of friends had ever seen so lovely and sylph-like a creature as the fair girl who stood by the bride, dressed in white and wearing a necklace of costly pearls about her white neck, and white roses in her gold hair.

There was a faint, soft flush on Mildred's cheek, and a glory in her great violet eyes which Honoria, intently watching her, could not entirely understand.

She would have understood it had she seen the love-letter which nestled near Mildred's fast-beating heart—the first love-letter the child had ever received—and which told her that her fairy-prince was coming to claim his bride, at last.

Not a rose in the rose-gardens of Persia could have rivaled Mildred's cheeks when, just after the wedding ceremony between Ruth and Jasper, Otis Garner walked into the room and came up and gracefully congratulated them; then turned and kissed his fair little wife before them all, and, taking her on his arm, led her out to supper.

Honoria was not married for three years after that, though she had suitors by the dozen; but she did, at length, meet a true and noble gentleman, well worthy of her—for more worthy of her than Otis Garner could ever have been, though Otis, after all his foibles, makes a tender and fond husband to his little wife.

It was a sharp way of cheating old uncle Garner out of his vengeance which Honoria had taken when she divided her fortune, not with Otis, but with his wife; and she had the pleasure of seeing her cousin restored to his rights without breaking the word—though she did the spirit—of that ill-tempered will.

As he was going to bed, Honoria said, "Otis, you're a peerless cousin vanished from his side. He looked around for her, but she was gone.

He was, brave, noble Honoria, speaking in the interests of honor and of her friend—crushing her own heart to do it—but fled to the sacred solitude of her own room.

There, throwing herself on the floor, in the tender moonlight, long did she wrestle with her own passionate nature; until, utterly wearied out with the long struggle and with the darting pangs that tore her head as well as her heart, she at last sobbed herself to sleep, with even a pillow under her aching head. But she awoke the conqueror. Gone was the racing pain in her temples—gone the more terrible pain in her heart. Long since had she given up her cousin to this other woman who loved him so and who had the right to love him. But his sudden appearance, his passionate words, had brought back her old feelings, and she had the battle all to fight over again.

Once more she was at peace. As she rose from her hard couch she perceived that there had been a light rain in the latter part of the night; the air coming in at her window was sweet and refreshing; she dressed herself calmly, without the help of her maid—for it was still very early—and then sat and read her prayer-book and considered what she could do to make others happy; until her maid came and was surprised to find her up.

Then the summons to breakfast came, and was obeyed.

Alas, the house was desolate.

Otis had gone away about an hour after she left him, the servant who had let him out of the door said; and Mrs. Garner had gone off.

Both the girls did more than pretend to drink their tea. As they were leaving the room the little wife wound one white arm about her companion's waist.

* Equivalent to hurrah! or vive!

early this morning, and had not yet returned.

"This is intolerable," thought Honoria. "She has gone and left me alone in this great house. Go up to Mrs. Garner's room," she ordered the servant, "and see if there is a note on her table for me."

The servant returned with a note. She has-

ed opened it, and read:

"DEAR FRIEND:—Otis asked me to live with him; but I did not believe his heart was in his words. I do not think it delicate to refuse to remain in your house, under the circumstances. With ten thousand thanks for your love and noble kindness, I bid you good-by, for the present. I am going back to Pentacket. I think Mrs. Fletcher will be glad to see me, and I am sure I can get a little something to pay for my board. Fondly yours,

"MILLA."

So Honoria was forsaken; nor could Otis come freely to see her; for it was in the will that he should never so much as take meal in the house.

Mildred had left him her bank-book with word that she should never draw the money; and he, with all his pride, was driven by dire necessity to make use of it himself.

So long as this money lasted Otis gave himself a treat of idleness. But "time hung heavy on his hands." Honoria always received him gravely, as if she thought it was not just right for him to seek her society; and thus he was driven, more and more, to think of that lovely, pure face he had seen bending over the piano, while the echo of that passionate, sweet voice lingered in his memory.

In the mean time Mildred found a warm welcome in Pentacket. The Fletchers were delighted to have her with them; while her taste and accomplishments were in constant requisition, for those who were to be, on the first of October, in that old homestead, one of the grandest weddings ever celebrated in that part of the country.

Ruth, now that her mind was at ease, had recovered her health and appetite, and was daily getting back more fully the dimples and the roses which had once made her so very, very pretty. She was the happiest girl in the State; but not more happy than her lover, who was being repaid in a double measure of joy for all he had wrongfully suffered.

Little Mildred was consulted at every step of the preparations, and always appeared cheerful and interested. If she shed tears she shed them in solitude.

About three weeks before the wedding she received by mail a bulky package. Opening it in some consternation she was astonished to find that it contained a deed of gift of half the Garner estate—amounting to a round million

—to Mrs. Mildred Garner from Honoria Appleton. She had no idea of accepting this mischievous gift, but was too busy to decide what to do about it just then, laying it away in a locked box, and really thinking very little about the preposterous thing.

The first of October soon came round—a gorgeous day, that shone down like a benediction on the roomy old house, every corner of which had been put in order, since many guests were expected during the day and to remain overnight, besides the many invited to the evening festivities.

The best room had been reserved for Miss Appleton, who had accepted her invitation. Mrs. Fletcher was a little flurried at the idea of so grand a guest; but Mildred laughed at her, and declared she would take all the care of the lady, and, since the house was crowded, share her room with her.

The house was sweet with flowers and quaintly handsome with its old-fashioned adornments. Guests poured in—Miss Appleton among them—and merry laughter, music and feasting soon brought the starry evening, when all the respectable people in Pentacket dined to the wedding.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S BOYS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

My neighbor's very fond of noise,
He's got about eleven boys.
And thinks that he is best;
And somehow it's got in his hair
Of all the boys that ever were
His urchins are the best.

These boys are very fond of fun;
They're always up before the sun,
And play all day at play.
They punch each other's tender heads,
And tear the atmosphere in shreds
With shrieks heard miles away.

They dearly love to stone my hens,
And pull my pigs there, in the pens
Till they enjoy it sore,
And sometimes they've stopped throwing
rocks.

Against my house to give some knobs
With clubs on my front door.

They do not work so very hard
To throw dead cats into my yard.
For that they do with ease;
Nor have I heard them yet complain
That troubling me or gave them pain
In very great degrees.

It does not choke them very much
To call their names, fool, brute, and such,
Or these boys have no lack;

And never a one got hurt when he
Dame tumbling from my cherry-tree,

Nor seemed a bit set back.

Their clever father is a man
Built on the tender-hearted plan
And ne'er chastises them,
Because he thinks that he might hurt;
He upholds opinions of that sort
Which some men might condemn.

They never take from out my yard
Things that are chained and bolted hard,
But, oh! my boy! What or take it may be said
That they leave some things in their stead—
Which generally are their tracks.

The house I live in is my own,
And peace I fix my hopes upon,
To live a life of mirth,
But, how this thought my spirit cheers—
I've leased this house for seven years—
Say, what are shot-guns worth?

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRABON.

 BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XVL

THE project for conquering Sitting Bull looked very nice on paper, and appeared, to many people, certain of success. It was supposed that the Sioux chief had, at the utmost, about eight hundred warriors, and the different columns were to aggregate about two thousand eight hundred men, all coming at him at the same time. General Gibbon's force was quite small, and all cavalry, about four hundred men; Crook had twelve hundred, and the Custer column was to be the same strength.

It was late in March before the soldiers were able to move, and then, at last, Crook started from Fort Laramie. This post was so far south of Fort Lincoln that the snow had melted, and every one thought spring had come when the column started. They were undeviated before three days had passed, by the coming of a tremendous snow-storm, followed by the thermometer going below zero, a way it has in the north-west. Every expedition that starts before May in those latitudes has the same experience, and almost the same storm to encounter.

Custer and Gibbon, being further north, were still shut in by the deep snow, and unable to move; and Crook had the first campaign all to himself. Just as Custer had done at the Washita, seven years before, Crook found the country clear of Indians, and his scouts found a village down in a river valley, which they might have taken by surprise had been taken by a man like Custer.

This village was that of a great friend and ally of Sitting Bull, a Sioux chief called Crazy Horse. He had about a hundred and fifty lodges, or some six hundred warriors. These were struck by General Reynolds, who commanded Crook's cavalry, and the village was taken and burned, while the herd of ponies was captured. Owing, however, to the laziness or misbehavior of some of the commanders of the detachments surrounding the village, the Indian warriors got off with very small loss, killed several soldiers, recaptured their ponies, and left General Reynolds with the barren honor of an empty victory, which crippled Crook's column so much that it was obliged to return to Fort Laramie to rest.

It was fully intended that the Custer column should have started next, but here a strange train of circumstances set in, which ended disastrously for the nation. It so happened that the then Secretary of War, Mr. Belknap, was being tried in Washington for bribery in selling a post-trading, and some meddling people took it into their heads that General Custer knew something about the matter. Accordingly, he was summoned post-haste to Washington, by a subpoena, to testify before a committee of Congress. The real fact was that he knew nothing of importance on the subject, and tried hard to be excused from going. He telegraphed to the committee, telling them how he was detailed to command an expedition in the field, and begging to be examined at Fort Lincoln. It was no use; they would have him, and he was obliged to go. The end of the matter was that he was kept in Washington nearly two months, waiting to be examined, and then when his testimony was taken it brought him into a personal quarrel with the President, who took Mr. Belknap's side in the trial.

When, at last, Custer was let off, he started at once for the West, to get back to his station, and was stopped at Chicago by a telegram from General Sherman, who, by order of the President, directed General Sheridan to detain Custer and send off the expedition without him. This of course was a terrible blow for Custer. A great many men in his position would have left the army, disgusted with such treatment, publicly humiliated without proper cause. Custer, however, was remarkably patient of injury, and quite determined to live down the slight. He felt convinced that the President misunderstood him, and would do him justice in the end. He remonstrated so well with General Sherman, and finally with the President himself, that the latter relented so far as to allow Custer to go on the expedition, in command of his own regiment, though General Terry was ordered to take command of the whole column.

Custer was quite content to do as he was ordered. General Terry was a very fine officer,

and a generous-hearted man, and he trusted Custer implicitly. His himself had won all his experience in the civil war, never having been in the field against Indians, and he was quite content to take Custer's advice in all matters connected with the expedition.

So, at last, in the middle of May, 1876, the Terry Column, that should have been the Custer Column, started from Fort Lincoln, and the same route taken by the Yellowstone expedition of 1873, and marched in search of Sitting Bull.

We will not distract ourselves over the incidents of the early part of this march. It was begun too late in the year to surprise the Indians, and Sitting Bull was gathering in fresh forces every day.

It will be remembered that his supposed haunt was somewhere to the south of the Yellowstone river, between the Big Horn and Powder rivers. If the reader will take a map and look at the country, he will find that the Missouri river describes nearly a quarter circle all round this region, at a distance of some three hundred miles. It is rather important to remember this fact, for the reason that all along the Missouri exists a line of large Indian agencies, each averaging about five hundred warriors, fed, clothed, and armed by the government, and that, all through this summer of 1876, the Indians from these agencies were going off across the plains to join Sitting Bull at the same time that Crook, Gibbon and Terry were hunting for him.

The Indians went on horseback, in small squads, with two or three ponies apiece, carrying nothing but themselves and arms. They lived on buffalo, or antelope, or wolf, or rabbit, or anything they could find, and the ponies got fat on the spring-grass, while they traveled thirty miles a day. No wonder they outstripped a slow column of soldiers, with their hundreds of wagons, who could move no faster than the slowest team.

The result was that when the scouts of Terry and Gibbon at last met, on June 1st, on the Yellowstone, at the mouth of Tongue river, Sitting Bull had somewhere about three thousand warriors, of half a dozen different tribes, all snugly corralled in the valley of the Big Horn, no one knew exactly where, and lay midway between Terry and Crook, who was now slowly advancing from the south.

Now at last the campaign commenced in earnest. The two army columns were about two hundred and fifty miles apart, and the country between them was very little known.

Captain Reynolds, in 1855, had been up some of the streams, but outside of these the maps were quite loose and full of conjecture. So Crook and Terry began to feel for Sitting Bull by scouring over the country.

Crook had quite a large force, and he was soon joined by a number of Indians from the Snake and Crow tribes, when he slowly advanced north toward the Yellowstone, encamping at the head-waters of the Tongue river about June 15th. The country of Sitting Bull was found to be traversed by the following rivers, all running north with the Yellowstone, counting from west to east—the Big Horn, Rosebud, Tongue, and Powder.

These streams had others running into them, called the Little Horn, Little Rosebud, Little Powder. The Snake scouts soon brought Crook word that a big Indian village was pitched in the valley of the Little Rosebud, and Crook started to find it, June 16th. Now, for the first time, he began to march in earnest, passing over forty miles, and arriving within about eight miles of Sitting Bull's village at night. Had he only been active enough to have marched on all night, as Custer did at the Washita, there is little doubt but Crook might have surprised Sitting Bull. As it was, he allowed his snakes and Crows to go on a spree that night, and put his men into camp.

Next morning, at daybreak, instead of surprising Sitting Bull, Sitting Bull surprised him, by a furious attack with nearly three thousand warriors, who charged again and again, drove back one of his wings, and were only driven off at last by the infantry. Crook lost a good many men, and was again so much crippled that he had to fall back to the Tongue river and send for reinforcements.

In the meantime, Terry and Gibbon, far away to the north, knew nothing of all this. They were hunting about for a trail that would lead them to Sitting Bull. Small parties of Indians had been annoying Gibbon before he met Terry, but since their junction all these fellows had vanished.

It became necessary to send out a scouting party. Terry could not spare Custer for this duty; he needed him too much at headquarters. It was determined, therefore, to send out Major Reno, the next senior officer of the Seventh, with six companies of that regiment, to ride up the Powder river to the Little Powder, thence round the Tongue or Rosebud, and back to camp at the mouth of the Tongue. It was thought probable that he might come on a trail somewhere. Reno reached the Little Powder in five days, without seeing a sign of Indians, but as he reached the Tongue, on his way back, he came across a large, broad lodge pole trail, leading southward toward the Rosebud, and his scouts pronounced it not much over a week old.

Reno was a cautious officer, too cautious to follow such a large trail with only six companies any further than to make sure that it did not scatter. As soon as he had satisfied himself on this point, he made for headquarters, which he reached on the evening of the 21st June. There, of course, his news proved considerable excitement, and Terry resolved to strike for the Indians at once.

I must be remembered that every one there was perfectly ignorant of Crook's repulse, three days before. The latest news they had was about the Crazy Horse fight, where there were less than six hundred Indians, and all Terry feared was that the new trail might be that of wandering band, which would escape if not followed promptly. Together with Gibbon's force, the combined column now numbered nearly sixteen hundred men, with about twelve hundred cavalry and a huge train.

Terry at once determined to send Custer off on the hunt with the Seventh Cavalry, by the direct trail, while Gibbon was to move up the Yellowstone by the Big Horn, thence up the Big Horn valley, and Terry himself would follow Custer with the infantry and train.

Custer was ordered to follow the trail and use his own discretion as to what he should do, as Terry, in his written instructions, said that he had "too much confidence in your zeal, energy and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders, which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy." This was a splendid compliment to Custer, nearly as proud as the one he received in 1868, when Sherman and Sheridan asked for him to end the Indian war. General Terry recommended him, however, to make a wide detour, and send through scouts to Gibbon's column, so as to prevent the Indians from slipping out between the two. His whole idea in the orders seems to have been that the Indians might slip past him.

During his visit to Northcote, he encountered the miller's daughter, whose heart, it would seem, at once fell into her possession, and the cousins became rivals in love. He appeared to linger in the village longer than had been his

date that will be remembered for many a long year, the Seventh Cavalry, nearly eight hundred men strong, saddled up, brok camp, and moved out to pass in review before General Terry, etc., they set out on that memorable march.

Men and horses alike looked splendid, and all felt confident of success. They were so used to victory that they believed themselves to be invincible.

Then there was Adjutant Cooke, the beauty of the regiments, over six feet high, weighing two hundred, with a straight Greek face, and the most magnificent black beard you ever saw. All the girls were in love with gallant Cooke, the "Queen's Own," as they called him.

There was Tom Custer, the general's double, a little younger, just as nervous, active and handsome, one of the smartest cavalry officers in the service. Calhoun, just as big as Cooke, and even handsomer in his peculiar style, with a soft delicate face of the same Greek type, fair hair and dark eyes. Calhoun was Custer's brother-in-law. Then there was Major Reno, rather stoutish, with a face something like that of Napoleon, but spoiled by a little mustache. There was Captain Fred Benten, with a clean-shaven young-looking face, bold and hearty, while his hair was very curly and nearly snow-white. These were the principal officers who figured in the fight that followed, though there were others whose names will come in later.

To judge how the regiment felt about the coming fight, a word or two will suffice. A lady once asked one of the officers of the Seventh if he had any idea of how many Indians it would take to whip the Seventh Cavalry all together. He hesitated, pondered, and finally said that he did not believe they could get together enough Indians on the whole plains to whip the Seventh. And he believed it, as did all.

They had never seen, for at least ten years, more than two thousand Indians together, and they had whipped the Indians one to four many a time.

So they rode off on the trail of the Indian band to find Sitting Bull, as if they were going to whoot.

(To be concluded next week.)

MODERN VERSES IN ANTIQUE STYLE.
Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

What you smutched, too,
The pearl of all!
You, spared so long
From slander's fall—
Standing untouched
By the world's dew—
The inky rain,
That spares so few,
And now, at last,
Comes down on you!

*Oh, Lady, Lady, can it be that we
Were wrong in thinking you all purity?*

What has despoiled us
Of our innocence?
Was foul calamity
The only thief?
Or have your actions
(Oh, grief of grief,
Knew need of tormenting)
Made life brief?

*Oh, Lady, Lady, Lily Flower, are you still white,
And is it but a mist that blinds our sight?*

Too late! too late!
It matters little:
A woman's name
Is all so brittle!
Even with a handle,
Not quite durable,
The porcelain shivers
Past all repairing!

*Oh, Queen, White Rose, that quickest perisheth,
Your petals wither suspicion's breath.*

Let worldlings mock:
We are but sad
The crimson Flower
Whose snowy sight
Senses fed
With manna more
Than nectar need,
Has vied for aye
Its gracious head.

Oh, Lady, Lady, in your heart write this:

*That all of joy and sorrow, woe and bliss,
And Life and Death, are wedded in one kiss!*

BUTTERFLIES

*'Tis not too late,
Rise in your might.
You gain no kiss,
You are still white.
Hurl back the lie,
Stand bravely up,
Refuse to drink
This bitter cup.*

*But fair, sweet Queen, whatever you do again,
Remember good discretion saves sad pain.*

Irel Green's Ivy.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

NORTHCOTE and the delightful country surrounding it were in a state of excitement that bordered on frenzy. A dastardly crime had been committed, and Irel Green's daughter Ivy, with whom no sweater and fairer girl ever claimed adoration, stood charged with the commission of the deed.

Now there were two Irel Greens, and they were cousins.

One was the only child of Stephen Green, the rather taciturn and surly miller, whose great barns ran day and night, at the edge of the village, while the other was the sunlight of the old-fashioned farm-house visible from the little town. They were singularly alike in form and feature, but differed essentially in habits and dress. The miller's daughter led the village gatherings, sang in the choir, and started the fashions, while her more modest cousin took music lessons at home, and wore wild flowers in her golden hair.

The latter was called Irel Green's Ivy, to distinguish her from her village cousin, such distinction being often necessary in conversation.

One of the fairest nights imaginable had been selected, as it were, for the commission of the crime which had shocked the neighborhood. The pistol-shot rung out loud and startlingly clear upon the crisp autumn air, and the handsome young man, the victim of the murderous hand, still hovered between life and death, though several weeks of pain and fright had passed away.

Roger Startle loved Irel Green's Ivy, against the wishes of the somewhat avaricious old farmer, who declared that his child should never marry a man with white hands, the suitor being a young lawyer. He was not long in discovering farmer Green's personal aversion, and had visited the girl several times by stealth. Time, he thought, would bring things about for the best, and so he persevered.

During his visits to Northcote, he encountered the miller's daughter, whose heart, it would seem, at once fell into her possession, and the cousins became rivals in love. He appeared to linger in the village longer than had been his

wont, and much of his time was spent in the belle's company, till gossip reached the ears of the country girl, and there was a lover's quarrel.

Now I come to the story of the beautiful actress.

She told it in her father's presence at the excited examination that followed the crime.

She had met Roger Startle clandestinely on the fatal night, and he had escorted her from the trysting-place to the great old farm-gate that opened into the leaf-strewn lane that led to the farm-house. She averred that they had "made up," and were on good terms when they separated, he having kissed her good-night, and taken a ring from her hand.

When a few yards from the gate, she was

startled by a pistol-shot, followed quickly by a human cry.

Turning, with her heart in her throat, she saw nothing but the occupant of the plain room; her life was wrapped up in his existence.

All at once the girl started, for the invalid put forth a pale and bony hand to lift a glass of water that stood on the bureau near the couch.

Something glittered on one of his fingers. Its

flash was the sign of recognition.

The girl recognized his ring, the one that he had taken at the gate just before the cruel shot.

In some freak of harmless lunacy he had

doubtless placed it on the finger, or during a fit of insanity, when he thought of her.

Her eagerness Ivy Green pressed her face against the pane, which rattled suddenly, for it was loose.

Quick as a flash of summer lightning the invalid dropped the glass, and turned toward the window.

The next instant their eyes had met, and Ivy was wondering what would follow.

His eyes grew bright with a light that made the girl's heart beat faster than ever. His hands were put forward imploringly, and she heard the white lips murmur: